

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



MR. BAILIFF BODKIN IN THE HANDS OF THE REBELS.

THE FOSTER-BROTHERS OF DOON.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

CHAPTER XLIX.—BIVOUC ON VINEGAR HILL.

AFTER a brief reconnoitring, the detachment of militia under Colonel Foote advanced to attack the position of the rebels on the southern side of Oulart Hill. An attempt at defensive earthworks was carried instantly: the musket-shots of the soldiery bewildered the insurgents, who were chiefly armed with pikes, powerless except at close quarters. They were driven back in confusion, and panic arose, which was increased by the

frantic cries of the women behind them rushing away for shelter. Still rained the balls, and many a stout rebel measured his length on the earth. Occasionally a score or so would dash forward with awful yells, and hold the pursuers in check for a few minutes. But the impulse of flight in a body of undisciplined men is an irresistible contagion. The fearless were hurried back by the great mass of the fearful. Worse than to be slain on the spot would it be to be taken prisoners; for the country had rung with the severities practised by this North Cork militia, against even the defenceless; so the rebels thought of nothing except escape.

They were driven to the top of the hill. Flushed with success, the militia-men broke through all order, and pursued at full speed; but, standing on a projecting rock at the brow was Father John Murphy, among the remains of their encampment and smouldering fires. That calm figure gave the defeated a new courage, as they beheld him unhurt by the bullets flying on all sides; and his ringing voice urged them to a fresh stand.

"Boys, are ye mad? Running away from the North Cork—the bloodiest of all the scourges of the Saxon that's in the whole of Ireland! The North Cork, that burnt yer houses yesterday—that'll hang yer wives an' children in five minutes, if ye're such cowards as not to face them! Only for the vows that's on me, I'd rush at 'em with a pike meself. For shame, boys, to let yer clergy see ye like this—the women wud fight better. Turn on 'em like men. Don't ye know that the Gorey horse is before ye, on the other side of the hill?"

Perhaps all his reproaches and invectives would not have sufficed to make the panic-stricken insurgents face the foe so well as did this last intimation, which reduced them to despair. "Ye can't get away—skewer to ye, for a set of cowardly vagabones!" shouted his reverence the commander. "The Gorey horse is ready for ye on the other side, an' it's better for ye to face the foot than the horse any day—"

Myles Furlong, who had been making frantic efforts to rally his affrighted comrades, suddenly dashed forward with his long pike. "I'll go by meself, yer reverence!" He threw his hat in the air with a yell, and ran right against a rank of advancing militia. The foremost man fell under the charge of the deadly weapon; two bullets whizzed through the blacksmith's hair and clothes; he drew from his belt a long double-edged knife, and fought desperately. The rebels rushed to his aid: the sight of a stand anywhere encouraged them, while the remembrance of the Gorey horse made them think this was their only chance; and they had the utmost terror of cavalry. Only a few minutes did the contest last; the immensely greater number of the insurgents rendered the issue in nowise doubtful, when once they came to close quarters: suffice it to say, that of the whole detachment of the North Cork militia, which had marched from Wexford in the morning in high hopes and spirits, only five men remained alive on Oulart Hill.

"Ye chose the best part," said Father John, for all commendation: "'twas either conquer or die wid ye, ye set of spalpeens; an' I don't praise ye that ye did the first. We may thank the Gorey horse for this. I b'lieve ye wouldn't ha' stopped runnin' till ye got to Enniscorthy, only they had the luck to show their noses. I've a mind to lave ye there entirely, an' go back to me breviary."

Notwithstanding which sulky speech, he spent the rest of the day haranguing them up to boiling point; detailing the yeomanry outrages, which indeed wanted little addition from imagination to render them beyond measure atrocious. As for the two troops of cavalry from Gorey, he had known very well all along that there was no concert between them and the North Cork militia; and they, on seeing that the insurgents were more numerous than they expected, retired without attempting anything, except sundry cruelties on their way, in the shape of burning cabins and shooting the occupants.

Let not the reader imagine that the writer exaggerates in the least when depicting the state of Ireland at this dreadful period, or the excesses committed on both sides in the strife. Imagination dare not go so far as fact has gone. The most fiendish passions were let loose without restraint, both by those in authority and those

under it. Never did rebellion wear any form so horrible as when to the bitterest sense of oppression were added religious rancour and intense ignorance. Thus it was in the Ireland of 1798. Thank God that at present not a single one of the oppressions exists which then goaded the peasantry to madness; and that the whole mass of the people, except misguided fools and interested demagogues, agree in subjection to the laws and adhesion to the paternal government of the realm.

Now, there is nought to be said respecting these earliest days of the rebellion in Wexford, except that either side, rebels and yeomanry, seemed trying to outdo the other in mischief and cruelty. What houses were spared by the one were destroyed by the other: what persons were flogged or half-hanged by the yeomanry thereby escaped being piked by the rebels. The country was laid waste. Houses were in flames all over it, or in heaps of blackened ruins. Families fled by the score into the towns if loyally inclined, or to the hills if rebellious. No foreign invader could have produced half the terror and ruin that were produced in that fair and fertile county of Wexford by the evil passions of her own sons.

The army of insurgents under Father Murphy increased hourly after its success against the North Cork militia. He marched his men next day against Camolin and Ferns; a vast confused body of women and children and household goods following after them through the devastated land. Frequent outbursts of the wild Irish cry told when some people in the throng recognised their ruined homesteads, or were overcome by the reminiscence of calamity; or perchance when some wounded rebel expired. Down every by-road came accessions to the multitude as it surged onward. The village of Camolin presented no opposition, neither did the town of Ferns: on they went, with riotous acclamations, towards Enniscorthy, six miles southward.

Here numbers of loyalists had collected, trusting in the garrison of militia and yeomanry, and watched the approach of the host of insurgents along the western road, with what feelings may be imagined. Clouds of dust veiled the foremost; and soon it was perceived that a quantity of cattle were driven in front, as they advanced wildly against the military. The most horrible shouts and yells filled the air; musketry began to peal from the rebel lines; and though the Enniscorthy cavalry charged their pikemen twice, they were repulsed with loss on each occasion, and driven within the Duffrey Gate. What could three hundred men do against seven thousand?

For four hours the battle raged, however; discipline protracting it thus against numbers. At last flames burst from some of the thatched cabins in the suburbs, and the combatants paused amid the conflagration. All round the town the rebels spread, wading the river Slaney at a ford, and gathering on Vinegar Hill in a threatening mass. One way of escape remained open—the Wexford road. Presently the bugles sounded a retreat, and the defenders of Enniscorthy began to file away, to the utter consternation of the inhabitants.

What a flight was that! Supreme terror of the rebels prevailed among the loyalists, with good reason: they flocked out of the town after the yeomen, in hundreds. Delicate ladies, who could scarce walk a mile distance, were seen helplessly dragging along their little children, and actually fainting by the road-sides. The cavalry horses were given up to these by their humane riders. Had there been pursuit, the carnage must have been tremendous. But the rebels contented themselves with plundering Enniscorthy and murdering any persons there-

in whom they chose to denounce as "black-mouths," *alias* Protestants.

They fixed their camp on Vinegar Hill, a place afterwards famous for their decisive overthrow. It was much as it had been on Oulart; except that spoil having become more plentiful, their arrangements were more luxurious. Feather-beds were on the ground under tents of rich carpeting spread on poles. Window-hangings which had graced drawing-rooms were coverlets for most grimy rebels, or wrapped round them as cloaks. Some had put on various fantastic articles of wearing-apparel instead of their own rags—ladies' hats and tippets, shawls and mantles, among the rest. This was when they were all in good humour, after their day of plunder and bloodshed, round the bivouac fires.

Old Jug, faithfully following her sons—indeed, she never had to go far to find Freney, who kept carefully out of bullets' way, among the hindmost, as he said, "for fear anythin' wud happen the little fiddle—arrah, what wud I do av a hole was dhruv through it at all?"—had found some food, and was cooking it for them. Myles was lying asleep on the ground, even his herculean strength outworn by his herculean exertions—an ugly figure, his arms thrown over his head, his unshorn face smeared with gunpowder and grime, and a heavy frown between his heavy brows. He had escaped marvellously, with scarce a scratch from the hand-to-hand combat with the yeomen on Oulart Hill, and had been foremost in all the fighting since, bearing, as the bravest often do, apparently a charmed life; whereas the luckless Philomath, who certainly did not court danger, had managed somehow to get a ball through his left wrist, for which old Jug was preparing a poultice of what she called "erribs" (*Anglicè*, herbs), while she also superintended a pot containing potatoes and mutton boiled together in the fashion known as an Irish stew, but a rough edition of the same. Now that the wound had actually been inflicted, the Philomath was rather proud of it than otherwise, and was nursing it with great dignity.

"Some of my brethren in the literarious line hold that we abecedarians"—a popular alphabetic name for schoolmasters—"should be properly non-combatants; that is, that we should not condescend to the maneness of fighting, unless with scientific weapons."

"Troth, an' you jist followed their example," quoth old Jug: "never a fear of yer fighting much, anyhow, unless agin somebody as couldn't fight wid *you*. Whisht, here's Father Clinch."

The person so named was easily recognisable by anybody who had ever seen him, from his huge stature. He was a priest of Enniscorthy—a remarkable figure, and very remarkably got up, as he appeared there by the fire-light: his sacerdotal vestments were visible under his military accoutrements; a broad cross-belt bore a sabre and long pistols. "Is there a man here called Myles Furlong?" he asked. "Send him up after me to head-quarters—he's wanted."

He stayed not a moment for the lowly obeisance of all about the fire, but strode away on other business. It was an anxious night for the rebel leaders, notwithstanding their success. The undisciplined rabble they commanded were in sore need of organization of some sort. They must appoint petty officers of the most tried and trusty men, and endeavour to produce a semblance of companies and regiments, that the mass might be manageable. Myles Furlong was selected as one of these, and was summoned before the council (chiefly of priests) to receive his instructions.

He came back in high spirits, driving no less a personage before him, at the point of the formidable double-

edged knife, than Mr. Bailiff Bodkin, who had his elbows tied behind him with a rope, and whose knees betrayed a marked tendency to knock together.

"Mother, they've made me a 'ral' of some sort—'tisn't a ginerall all out, but somethin' not far asthryay from that—maybe it's a corporal. But I'm better plased than a tub of goold to have found this fellow up there; an' they've given him to us to do what we like with—eh, boys?"

A derisive cheer greeted the bailiff's undisguised terror, as he looked round on the pitiless grinning faces. Well he knew that he, when in power, had showed no mercy: what mercy could he expect himself? And there was no escape, no help; bare knives and pikes around, a fire before, and hearts like flint stones (to him), with his fate at their disposal.

"Gentlemen," he began, in unsteady tones. Shouts of laughter greeted the word. "'Twasn't that way you talked when you was tyin' me up to the triangle," hissed Myles, "an' lavin' this cut on me cheek-bone for evermore. But, troth, we're all gintlemin now, Mither Bodkin, an' no thanks to you nor yer masthers! Boys, what will we do wid him?"

A variety of merciful suggestions followed. But it was well for the victim that their blood-thirstiness had been sated during the day; the fiercest of them could scarcely imbrue his hand with a prisoner's life at this hour of relaxation and repose.

"I tell you what, boys; we'll make him a croppy, an' turn him over to the yeos for the rest. Never fear but the North Cork will pitch-cap him—they won't b'lieve a word he says!"

There was something in this proposition that so suited the sense of humour in the breasts of the listeners, as to cause it at once to be carried by acclamation. The idea of causing Mr. Bodkin to be ill-used by his own party was perfectly delicious. Amid great hilarity his head was cropped according to the most approved rebel type, and some old green clothes were put upon him. The bailiff, who had at first hailed the proposal with internal joy, as being treatment considerably milder than he expected, began to think that the sole difference might be that he would be shot by his friends instead of being piked by his enemies; and the advantage of the former was not enough to improve his spirits materially. So he passed a rather unquiet night on Vinegar Hill, being chiefly occupied with reflections on the imprudence which had made him take refuge in Enniscorthy, instead of flying at once to Wexford, and the double imprudence of lingering in the taken town (with some hankering after goods and chattels, and storing away of money in his pockets) among the very last of the fugitives.

The sky was red with the glare of burning houses during the short hours of darkness. Even at early morning people looking from Wexford—eleven miles off—could perceive still the flame-tinged cloud of smoke hanging over Vinegar Hill.

CHAPTER L.—THE WOODEN BRIDGE AT WEXFORD.

Two days afterwards—the intermediate being spent in a species of negotiation, which was ineffectual, conducted by means of prisoners, of whom Bagenal Harvey was one—a large body of insurgents was seen encamped on the Three Rocks, a low ridge at the end of Forth Mountain, near Wexford. The inhabitants had made every preparation for defence. Knowing now what merciless foes were these rebels, despair prompted their most strenuous exertions. The walls of the town were yet standing, though the gates had long since been removed for public convenience of traffic: the openings

were filled with the strongest barricades, and mounted with cannon. Large bodies of militia and yeomanry remained on duty every night, as during a siege. All ships were detained in the harbour, that, in the worst event, there might be some means of escape: numerous families removed to these vessels, weighting some of them almost to the water's edge. The shops were shut up in the streets, and the lower windows of the houses; and often was heard the miserable wail of the widows and children of those North Cork men who had been slain at Oulart, and whose bodies were brought in during these days, for interment.

The long wooden bridge across the river Slaney was considered to be sufficiently defended by the raising of the portcullis in the midst. But a guard at each end would have been requisite; for at daybreak one morning the toll-house at the country side was discovered on fire, which rapidly spread to the timbers of the bridge, and threatened its destruction. Pitch and tar had been smeared over it by the incendiaries, as far as they dared go; a dozen insurgents were seen making their escape through the dim twilight, and only one fellow—who could not run very well, owing to a wound in his foot—was captured. The fire was put out—chiefly by sailors from a neighbouring ship—and the solitary prisoner was haled in to the nearest guard-house, protesting vehemently that he was no croppy at all, but a right loyal subject and honest man, Mr. Bodkin, of Doon; and Colonel Butler knew him: would they only spare his life, most honourable gentlemen, till they inquired from Colonel Butler about him? He was laughed at, his story derided as utterly improbable. Such was the temper of the townspeople—for terror is always cruel—that he could expect no mercy. They would just pitch-cap him, to make his croppy head comfortable; and then—the militia-men pointed to a rope wavering in the breeze from a hideous gibbet, erected before the gaol.

Now, the operation of pitch-capping was thus performed—well did Mr. Bodkin know the process, for he had aided in its performance on veritable cropies more than once:—A cap of strong brown paper, well coated inside with pitch, was heated till the pitch was molten, when it was put on the victim's head, and pressed down upon and into his hair; and after being allowed to cool and harden, it was taken off, with, generally, all the hair and part of the scalp of the head adhering. The unfortunate bailiff was still in the agonies of this savage treatment, when the sentry outside the guard-house gave notice that the colonel was coming; and the soldiers engaged in the torture ran for their guns, to turn out and present arms. Colonel Maxwell and some other officers rode up and stopped.

"Sergeant, I am informed that you have a prisoner from the attempt on the bridge this morning——"

"That's me, that's me, yer honour's majesty," yelled Mr. Bodkin from within the guard-house, where he was sitting on a bench bound hand and foot. "That's me, as loyal a subject as there's in Ireland; an' to say I'm thrated this way, an' to be hung byne-bye. Oh, yer honour's reverence, only come in an' look at the way they've thrated me——" the wretched man's voice rose to a scream.

"Bring out the prisoner," ordered the colonel sternly. "This is more of your pitch-capping, North Cork, which is making the corps notorious for cruelty. The fellow should have been brought before me."

They listened very sulkily: it was no secret that the regiment was in such a state of insubordination that the individual soldiers did pretty much as they chose, and scouted authority. After some delay, owing to the un-

binding of the ropes about his ankles, Mr. Bodkin was brought forth, with the pitch-cap half torn from his head, and streams of the stiffened stuff over his countenance: a pitiable object truly. Down he went on his knees, almost falling on his face because of his bound hands, and cried piteously that his life might be spared.

"Why, it's my father's bailiff!" exclaimed a young officer who had just then ridden up with some letter to the colonel. "Bodkin! how did you ever get into that shocking state?"

The delivered man gave a bound into the air at hearing the familiar voice.

"Oh, Misther Gerald! Misther Gerald! *you* know that I amn't a croppy. Oh, Misther Gerald, they wouldn't b'lieve me at all at all, no matter what I said! Tell them, sir, tell them, sir—sure they wor goin' to hang me——"

"Captain Butler, your attention," said the colonel, folding up his letter. "We hold a council of war at the barracks immediately." His face was troubled and dark with whatever news the despatch had contained. He turned his horse, evidently forgetting all about the illegal proceedings of the sergeant and the sufferings of the accused, who set up a fearful howl, as he thought he was about to be left to the tender mercies of the guard-house barbers.

"Release the prisoner," was the colonel's peremptory order, after a word or two privately from Captain Butler. The latter waited to see the mandate obeyed, and Mr. Bodkin limped away. "They stuck me foot wid a pike, captain dear, the way I couldn't run off wid the rest of them after they firin' the bridge; an then I was took for a croppy. Oh murther! how'll I ever get off the rest of this pitch-cap at all?"

"With what measure ye mete," were words in the captain's remembrance. "Look here, Bodkin," said he. "Follow me to the barracks, where I'll get you a horse, and make off out of the town as fast as you can, to Duncannon. Wexford isn't safe any longer—I may tell you that much;" and he put spurs to his steed, leaving the bailiff to make the best of his way after him.

The council of war was stormy, and the conclusion arrived at was that Wexford must be evacuated. General Fawcett had a considerable force at Duncannon Fort; but he either would not or could not advance to the relief of the town; while an army of fifteen thousand rebels hung upon the heights, and had procured some artillery, and threw shells in a manner which proved they must have practised gunners among them.

Ere the issue of the council was known, the insubordinate North Cork militia had taken matters into their own hands, and marched out of the town. The news spread on all sides that Wexford was to be given up to the rebels; and the quays were thronged with despairing families, troops of women and children especially, imploring to be taken to the ships in the harbour. But these were full already. All who could procure conveyance went after the troops towards Duncannon. The streets echoed with the most dismal cries—premonitory of the misery and murder that was coming. How to welcome the insurgents with most fervour was now the thought of all who could not escape. Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, who was in prison for his seditious tendencies, was entreated to go forth to the rebel camp and procure a capitulation. He did write a few lines, requesting that they would not commit massacre on entrance; and with this single miserable security the town was surrendered.

Over the long wooden bridge—now repaired in a rough manner from the injury it had sustained in the

morning—rushed a vast multitude, uttering the wildest cries of exultation. The gaol was instantly burst open, and Bagenal Harvey forced to become their commander. Every house not decorated with green boughs or hangings was sacked. The ships in the harbour, laden with refugees, were all brought back (except two, which were commanded by Protestants, and had set sail for Wales), and their passengers landed on the beach, at the mercy of the foe. But few assassinations took place, however, on this first day of possession; the rebels were gratified by their reception, by the tables spread in the streets to feast them, and the whisky and wine profusely distributed. They confined their outrages to plunder, and that only of places considered unfriendly. This forbearance lasted only a few hours.

Next day (the last of the eventful month) the insurgents became so unmanageable that even their leaders were compelled to devise expeditions for them which might remove them from the town. A sort of republican government was set up; but the last thought in the popular mind seemed to be that any obedience was owed it apart from a man's individual fancy. Nothing but the point of the sword could keep the mob in order; and occasional victims had to be given up to their fury. The safest place for loyalists was the town gaol; but even this refuge failed on that day in June when the savage Thomas Dixon overpowered the authority of the rebel leaders, and with a band of miscreants broke open the prison. For five hours they were slaying the prisoners on the bridge. Some, when they felt the point of the pikes, bounded over the railings into the river, and were shot; but the greater number of the eighty-five victims were regularly tortured. One humane person was present—the parish priest of Wexford; and he, after using every entreaty to stop the massacre, commanded the butchers to pray before they proceeded further.

"Pray, ye villains! Kneel down an' pray to the God of heaven above, that's looking at yer murder, an' ask him that his mercy to ye in the day of judgment may be just what mercy ye're going to show to these miserable creatures now!"

None among all the blood-stained band had the hardihood to say "Amen" to such a prayer. They hesitated, they recoiled: the priest poured in burning words of reproach, and denounced them with Heaven's vengeance. During the respite thus procured Father Philip Roche rode up, and ordered them all to follow him to Vinegar Hill, where their head-quarters were fronted by General Lake's army.

LETTERS PATENT.

III.

A VERY common objection urged against the system of granting letters patent is, that the reward by monopoly, when it does come, falls to the lot not of discoverers and philosophers, but of intellectually second-rate individuals, who, grasping at the discoveries of other people, turn these discoveries to practical account, and, by way of remunerating themselves, patent the application. I believe there is something of truth in this allegation; but I also believe that there is more of affectation, and, perhaps, still more of jealousy. In all ages there has been a tendency amongst certain clever men to under-rate, and think meanly, of applied knowledge, by comparison with unapplied knowledge. The existence of such a tendency, of which there exist records at all times, and amongst all peoples who have advanced to any considerable extent in philosophical culture, is un-

doubted. This much has of necessity to be conceded, whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the motive cause of such tendency. Archimedes was a good practical mechanic, as history testifies: he made an automatic pigeon that could fly, and he brought to bear many clever mechanical resources when defending Syracuse against the enemy. Altogether we are warranted in ranking Archimedes amongst the number of great civil and military engineers; but if history do not deceive us, Archimedes was so imbued with the notion of degradation associated with the turning of science to practical account, that, so often as he had constructed a flying automaton or other mechanical marvel, he took care to explain that it had only been devised for his own amusement. He did apply his science, however, to some purpose in the defence of his country.

It must be allowed that the distinction between men who go on developing scientific truths, not seeking the application of such truths, and men who, without having the power of developing truths, find great readiness in applying them, is sufficiently marked. Two different qualities of mind are respectively involved, and very rarely does it happen that the two qualities are united in any one individual. Now certain moral censors, who deprecate letters patent, have frequently taken upon themselves the task, with all its responsibilities, of establishing a relation of merit between philosophers who unravel laws of nature through the questioning of science, and inventors who apply those laws to some purpose of human utility. The decree of these censors has mostly been to the effect that the discoverer of a law of nature is worthy of reward in a far higher measure than the individual who applies the law to some practical purpose of life; nevertheless, that under the usual operation of letters patent (they argue) it is not the discoverer who meets with reward, but the man of inventive talent. And here, inasmuch as the reader and I have been as yet discussing the case in the abstract, and inasmuch as that form of treatment causes more strain to the mind than would happen if we had examples before us for illustrating our case, we had better go in quest of some. The original discovery of Oersted, viewed comparatively with the subsequent application of that discovery to the purposes of electric telegraphy, will suffice for a good illustration. Prior to 1819 no certain knowledge had been acquired relative to the connection, if any, between electricity and magnetism. The suspicion had often arisen that between electric force on the one hand, and magnetic force on the other, there existed some sort of connection. The springs of watches carried by persons stricken down during thunder-storms had often been known to acquire thereby magnetic properties. Knives, needles, forks, and other articles of iron and steel, had become magnets. Naturally, then, the suspicion arose that some sort of alliance subsisted between electricity and magnetism; but anterior to 1819 no one had succeeded in proving any such alliance, much less had set forth and illustrated the laws on which the alliance, if any, depended. To a Dane—Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen—philosophers are indebted for a discovery and demonstration of one truth that subsequently led philosophers on to a series of deductions afterwards built up into the sciences of electro-magnetism and magneto-electricity. The fact that Professor Oersted demonstrated was the following:—He proved that whenever an electric current passed along a conductor placed in the vicinity of a suspended magnetic needle, it caused a deflection of such needle; and, moreover, that the resulting deflection would always follow one particular law. To explain the case more minutely, let us

assume that a magnetic needle freely poised assumes the ordinary directive tendency of a magnetic needle when placed free to move; viz., that it points north and south *nearly*. If, whilst thus at rest, an electrically conducting wire be stretched over the poised magnetic needle, and in a line with it, then the magnetic needle will no longer point north and south, but will place itself almost across the line of the electrical conductor; in other words, almost at right angles to it. If, altering the conditions of experiment, the electrically conducting wire be held still in a line with the poised magnetic needle, but under, instead of above it, then will the needle again tend to place itself across the line of electrical current, but with the remarkable difference that the position of magnetic north and south poles becomes reversed. Such, then, is an outline of the discovery effected by Oersted. I do not stay to trace out all the varieties of motion that may or will occur under corresponding variations in the directive arrangement of electrical currents: these matter not as regards our issue. Suffice it to state, that the deflection of a magnetic needle by an electrical current admits of accomplishment at pleasure, and that at very long distances. Contemplating the circumstances of the case in their fullest relations, *after* the events, one certainly does recognise in the discovery made by Oersted the germ, and, indeed, something more than the germ, of an electric telegraph. Nevertheless, strangely as some may seem to view it, the idea of electric telegraphy was not suggested to the great Danish philosopher. Inventors came upon the field, and, recognising the value of the fact or law evolved by him, soon gave application to it in the magnetic needle telegraph. Such being the state of the case as between discoverer and inventor, the question arises, which ought to have been rewarded in the major degree? This is a matter in testifying to which individual opinions need not be paraded. Enough to state that public opinion tends towards the belief that the discoverer of the prime law (Oersted in the case under notice) is worthy of reward in a higher degree than any subsequent utilizer of the law. This much is conceded theoretically; but when, as practical people, we come to inquire in what manner Oersted should be, or rather *should have been*, remunerated, the whole aspect of the case is beset with difficulties the presence of which we may have little suspected. "Give him a monopoly," some advocate and approver of letters patent may urge: "restrict the right of patenting to him." The discoverer's monopoly of what?—the patenting of what? Would it not be something extremely ridiculous, to say nothing about the injustice of it, to decree that, until the expiration of fourteen years, no freely suspended magnetic needle should be permitted to range itself at right angles to a passing electric current? Were such a decree imposed and rigidly carried out, the march of discovery in one particular department of science would be arrested. In fact, the giving effect to such an enactment would be wholly and utterly impossible. Discoverers themselves have never dreamt of seeking such mode of recompense: they would scout it, if proposed, as being ridiculous, impracticable, and if neither the one nor the other, still as unjust.

Contemplate now, instead of Oersted, the discoverer of the law, the inventor or inventors who gave application to it to the purposes of electric telegraphy. I would rather not mention names, seeing that the claimants to merit of prior invention on this field are, if not numerous, still in the plural number. A certain inventor, a Mr. C. or a Mr. W., let us assume, believing that the law as developed by Oersted may admit of application to electric telegraphy, works resolutely until he conquers

all the details of the case. When conquered, he specifies the details, and obtains a monopoly of working, through letters patent. Does he inflict a wrong through this monopoly—a wrong either to the discoverer or the public? If so, I cannot perceive it. He checks no discovery; he interferes with the investigation of no law; he allows philosophers to go on making experiments in their laboratories just as readily as though he, the practical inventor, were not in existence; but he says, "I, through the expenditure of time, money, and labour, have devised a certain arrangement whereby your laws can be made available to a certain specified end. I ought to be rewarded for that arrangement."

In discussing this matter I have often heard the argument adduced, that if the discoverer, as contradistinguished from the inventor—between the two the reader knows the distinction by this time—had chosen to go a little out of his way, to descend from his pinnacle of high discovery, and apply himself to labour on the lower field of invention, he would, as a matter of course, have anticipated the inventor, and he might, had he so pleased, have realized any advantage by availing himself of the monopoly granted by the operation of patent law. Now, in respect of this allegation, "If he really might, why did he not?" is a question one may ask not inopportunately. Surely if he seriously and deliberately elect to throw away a chance, it redounds in no degree to the disparagement of an inventor that the latter picks up and models into shape—finally adopting, and realizing by the adoption—an idea that somebody preceding him has cast away. But the assumption just indicated is wholly fallacious. Without being called upon in this place to determine the relative merit subsisting between discovery and invention, the position may very safely be laid down, that the two qualities differ not less in degree than in merit. The functions are not interchangeable or vicarious. The discoverer could no more—speaking generally—become inventor, and thus turn his discovery to immediate practical account, than the inventor could, by mere force of will and favouring of conditions, turn himself into a discoverer. Each has been impressed with distinctive mental characteristics, fitting him for one line of action—unfitting him for exercise of another. It may be that invention after all is not so greatly in rank below discovery as many extreme thinkers would seek to make believe. I will not dispute it, however; I will not deny the soundness of the conclusion on this matter at which certain extreme thinkers have arrived. But, as a set-off to this docility, I claim full license to enunciate my own belief in respect of the utter and absolute distinction between the two qualities of mind, the two sets of characteristics, which belong to discovery and to invention respectively. A discoverer could no more pursue the slow and weary path of invention, with any reasonable hopes of final success, than a race-horse could do the dray work of a London brewer's horse; and an inventor, plodding, patient, and heavy-going, would be no less out of place on the field of so-called abstract discovery, than a brewer's dray-horse would be if matched for fleetness on the turf.

What has been written in this, and preceding papers upon the same subject, will have been written very much in vain if it have not the effect of dissipating a certain amount of disfavour which of late it has been the fashion to attach to patentees. The words "monopolist, grasping patentee, unscrupulous adventurer," have been pretty freely lavished upon patentees—often by persons who had the least right to employ them.

Whilst these remarks are being penned, a pamphlet

relative to patent matters has been brought under my notice. The pamphlet in question emanates from the President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, and merits attention from the circumstance of its proposing an international scheme for the remuneration of inventors, by way of recompense for the abolition of the right to hold letters patent. There may be fair ground for doubting the feasibility of the author's scheme; a scheme the giving effect to which would require, as a preliminary, that the civilized nations of the earth should be knit in one common brotherhood; but there can be none as to the advantages such an arrangement would present, *were it only possible*. Only grant this universal brotherhood, and there would be an end of war-ships, of standing armies, guns, arsenals, and all things appertaining to the grim repertory of war. All this constitutes a very delectable futurity to work for or hope for; but meantime the practical question has to be proposed and solved, who shall pay inventors for their inventions? The President of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce is ready with his answer. Nations, he argues, should pay inventors—pay them, not by granting a monopoly, but by a sum of money down. What charming ideas does this little combination of two words, "money down," originate to the inventive mind! what dreams of quiet competence, of contests avoided, of common-law suits and Chancery-law suits dead and buried! Inasmuch, gentle reader, as you and I are *not* dreamers, however, but sedately reflecting, hard-headed men—reflecting, I say, on the possibilities or impossibilities that beset the scheme, actual circumstances regarded—suppose we just condescend to propound and answer, each on behalf of himself, two questions. The first of these questions is, where is the money to come from? The second, how, by what tribunal, is the value of universal inventions to be justly assessed? Well, now, just for brevity's sake I will be far more liberal than Mr. Gladstone would be, or, I venture to say, any other Chancellor of the Exchequer. I will grant that money, ready money—hard cash down—is forthcoming to any amount; voted on behalf of this country by Parliament, of course—that august assembly wherein, as everybody knows (or does not know—which is it?), there is no such condition of things as party feuds, there are no such members as economical members; and where (*do we or do we not* all know?) liberality to inventors is a sentiment so universal and so powerful, that, under its benign influence, the Chancellor's budget could be made to expand to any required dimensions. Assume all this, I say; grant the money by postulate, to use the words of Euclid; then comes the real difficulty of the task. Shall we reward inventors according to their own estimate of their own merits? Hardly. Mr. Gladstone would need a very deep budget if every inventor were bought at his own price. Ay, indeed, I don't mind owning confidentially, that I, as an inventor, could, without any violence to my conscience, dip very deeply into the Chancellor of the Exchequer's bag of luck, under the new proposed regulation. No; that scheme would not work, evidently: some court of assessment there must be—some commissioners of inquiry—a mixed commission of lawyers, philosophers, engineers, etc. For brevity's sake let us assume this commission to be all-knowing in respect of every science involved in any possible inventive scheme; they still must take evidence as to each special application of science, and must be guided by evidence. Why talk of the lingering career of a Chancery suit? we should here have a court worse, so to speak, *infinitely*. We should have a condition of things in which plutocracy would be sure to win. The longest

purse would carry the day, by protracting the inquiry and causing the coveted invention to be employed meanwhile.

THE LATE WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.

GREAT artists, like true poets, as the old saying has it, are "born, not made." There are lads and lasses amongst us who can no more help designing groups and drawing figures on paper—lifeless stains, which breathe and speak and move—than others can help playing the flute, or speechifying, drilling their companions, or setting tiny water-wheels to spin in mountain streamlets.

That William Mulready was such a lad that arranging and pencilling figures was a passion with him from his earliest years, we may well believe. At the age of six he came from Ireland, where he was born (at Ennis, county Clare, on the 1st April, 1786), to London. Here he fell in with the sculptor Banks, who predicted he would one day distinguish himself; and it was under this master that he afterwards studied. At fourteen he entered the Royal Academy as a student, and he began to exhibit in 1804.

The time of his introduction to the world of art in London was the period when the "classical" taste was predominant, and the young Irishman, like the rest of the impulsive youths of his day, was infected by it. Since then we have learnt better. We have come to know the ancients, Greek and Roman, nearer and more closely. Scholarship in books, and exploration amongst ruins, have gone hand in hand in bringing about this improved knowledge. At the same time an indigenous taste has sprung up amongst us, we are no longer the bond-slaves of antiquity, whilst our conceptions of the ideas of the ancients are clearer and purer than they were. We cease to follow them blindly and grossly as of old, whilst we must still acknowledge them in many respects more than ever our masters. Into this pitfall young Mulready fell, as every young man of promise naturally would. Bad was the best of the art-teaching of the day; and so he flung himself into aspiring and pretentious designs, representing "Ulysses and Polyphemus," "Caliban and Trinculo," and "The Disobedient Prophet." This was, of course, a mere repetition of other men's ideas, originally struck out in past, even in remote ages of the world, under circumstances of which the most learned and imaginative amongst us can form but weak conceptions. Who can tell what the author of the "Odyssey" would have deemed a fitting representation of the scenes he has described in his immortal poem, or what sort of group Shakespeare had in his mind's eye when he conceived the "delicate monster" surprised by the sailors? All these things the student of that day duly reproduced, copying the sentiments as he would the models which the Academy set before him.

But one great faculty he possessed. He had perseverance, energy, earnestness. He soon grew out of the mock-heroic "Gandish" style, and, as his natural powers unfolded themselves, he was able to mature them by the most diligent labour. He must have loved not only art, but hard work also; and, finding a strong dramatic vein in his composition, a spirit akin to that of his countryman and predecessor, Goldsmith, he set himself to study the Dutch masters. Here, again, was a vast field of enthusiasm, which the world has in some measure grown out of. We no longer have connoisseurs going into raptures over Teniers, Ostade, Hobbema, and the rest, as if they were the "be-all and end-all" of

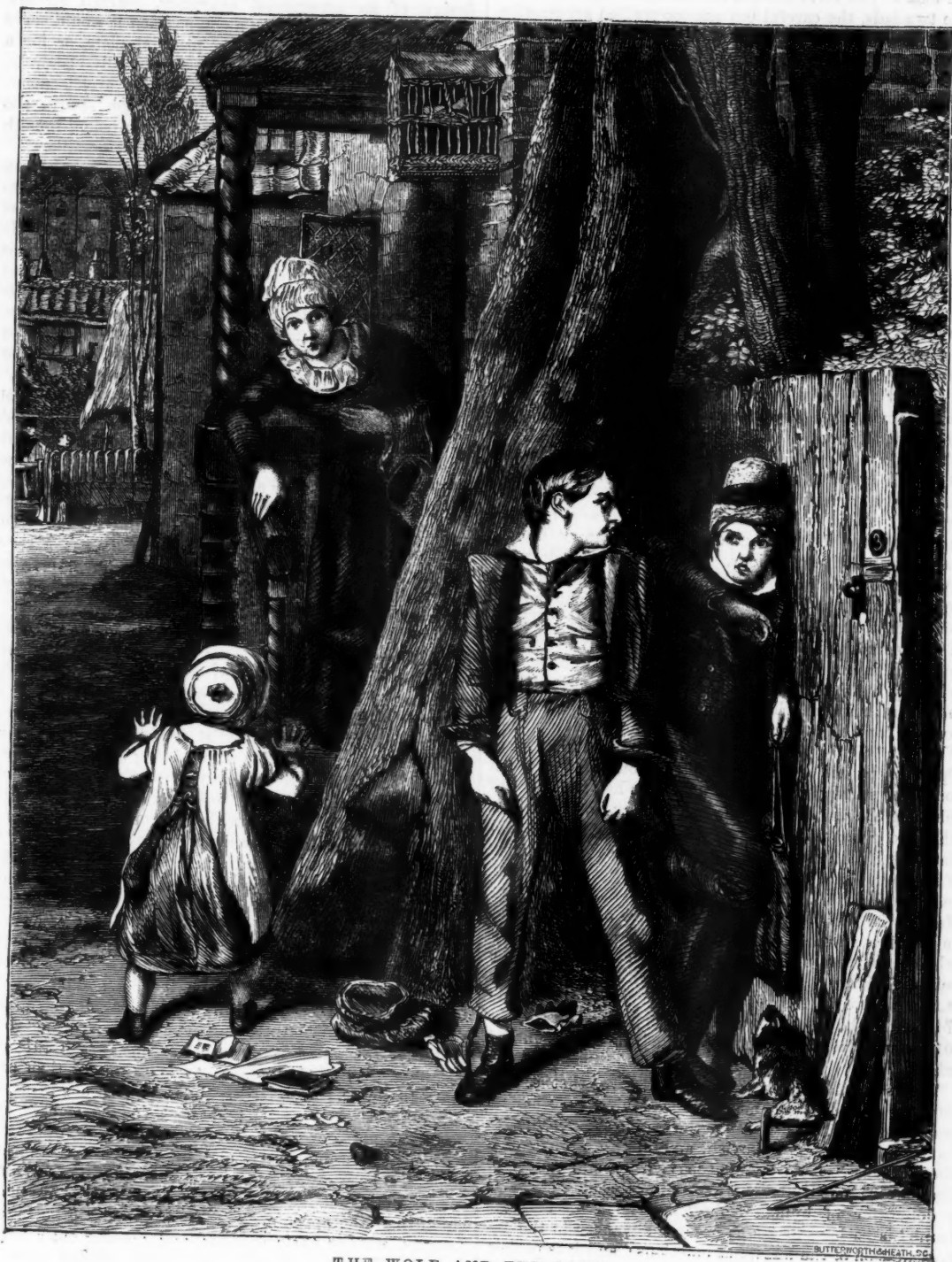
artistic merit. People see, and have the courage to say, that, with all their indisputable merits, these artists were narrow in their range, low in their aims, and often as much a hindrance as an assistance to the perception of the right, the pure, and the noble in nature and humanity. But they had the method. Who can paint their furniture like G. Douw, a satin robe like Terburgh, a lighted interior like De Hooghe, an old woman like Mieris, cows like Paul Potter, troopers like Wouvermans, dead game like Weenix? So to work Mulready went, and long and patiently did he study the admirable results which the industry of these men, their love of truth, and their imitative invention, have handed down to us.

We can now begin to trace his progress distinctly. Let those who would watch with their own eyes the successful course of an original mind, slowly developing itself amidst a host of opposing influences, and finally exerting a most important and healthy influence upon the national taste, study the series of pictures now (or lately) collected together in Kensington. The pictures are for the most part numbered chronologically, so that the figure will be a pretty good guide to the date. Every stage of the artist's progress may be examined, from his earliest exhibited works, in 1804 and 1805, to the last painting which stood unfinished on his easel at his death in 1863. Let us briefly glance at the history which this series reveals to us. "The Crypt in Kirkstall Abbey" (1) is plainly a mere boyish study. "St. Peter's Well" (2) is not much more advanced. In the "View of the Old House, Westminster" (3), we see his love for the picturesque, for exact drawing, and bright fresh colour, revealing itself; and in the group of "Old Kaspar" (4) relating the history of the battle of Blenheim, the old man's head is not only well and firmly painted, but has a soldier-like expression, which the painter has well caught and preserved, probably from the study of some old veteran in the service. So in the "View in St. Albans" (10) we have a further advance. There is much that reminds us here of his contemporaries, in the treatment and colouring: the solitary figure is like Morland, whilst the painting shows how carefully he had been looking at the Dutch masters. "A Rattle" (15) is the next figure subject—a boy showing a rattle to a child. About the same time was painted "A Gravel Pit" (17), where the richness of colour and general warmth are worthy of a follower of Old Crome, and a contemporary of J. M. W. Turner. "An Old Gable" (21), painted in 1809, will strike every eye. The bold outline of the house standing up against the sky, black with a passing storm, the wheel-marks in the road leading up to the figures, and the distant landscape, are each designed with the truest feeling of art, and show a taste which is approaching maturity, but not losing its early sweetness. In this year, also, was painted the very beautiful picture in the corner, "A Music Lesson" (24), a study of a gentleman turning over the leaves of music for a young lady seated at an open piano. Besides being a portrait of Mulready himself, this scene is most masterly, delicate, firm, and exact; it is, moreover, a good study of costume. The female face and figure are also very beautiful. The most experienced art could hardly add to it, except, it may be, in diffusing more light, and grouping the figures more in the middle of a room than against a flat wall. It is unfortunate that this exquisite picture is a little cracked. The artist was only twenty-three. Next may be noticed "Horses Baiting" (28), a cold, pearly, clear picture, reminding one of Wouvermans or Teniers. Here he perhaps meant to render the grey of early morning; at any rate, the effect is of the cool kind,

which is so much admired by many. Pictures 30 and 31 are of the same date, of Hobbima-like exactness in the tree-painting, and reminding the spectator generally of the Dutch school. Mulready is known to have devoted the greatest pains to the exact drawing of his trees, and the effects of his study in this respect reach their culminating point in the two pictures of "The Mall, Kensington Gravel Pits" (34 and 36), near to where he lived. It may safely be affirmed that there is no known picture of the English school, up to this date (1811 and 1812), that can approach this pair, especially the former, in clear firm painting and tranquil semirustic beauty. How softly the sunlight sleeps between the stems of the avenue, contrasting with the light green tree tops; and how delightfully do the resting attitude of the housekeeper, the careless lounge of the happy schoolboys, and the drowsy bite which the donkey is giving to the leaves held out to him, assist the feeling of calm and cheerful leisure. The most care-worn anxious breast in the world, one would think, might be charmed out of its suffering by a contemplation of this healthful serenity.

"Punch" (40), painted in 1812, is the first great attempt the painter had hitherto made in foreign subjects. Mulready had now at length set free his vigorous hands: he was to be hampered no longer with classic ideals or Dutch masters. English life in its essence was to be his study, and the part he played in bringing back the national taste to truth and nature was most conspicuous. The student in composition will observe how the picture of "Punch" grew from the sketch (39) to the finished work (40); how the trees came in; how the scene was changed from a country lane to a village; how the necessity of some balance was felt in the space between the performing puppets and the crowd, and so the door in the wall was introduced, with the nurse leaning out to draw back the eager child. We need not dwell on the group, every figure of which is a separate study—the peeping boy, the boy startled at what he sees through the chink, the way-worn old showman counting his money, the man with the wheelbarrow, the elderly couple, the middle-aged couple, the seventeen children. Let the reader examine for himself.

We approach now an important epoch. In November, 1815, Mulready was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and in February, 1816, an Academician. In three months' time he passed from one grade to the other. This is, we believe, the most rapid instance of promotion amongst the ranks of the Academy that is known. This period of his life is preceded by the important picture of the "Idle Boys" (45). The group is well known. The boys are before the master, the knuckles of one smarting with a blow of the ruler for a mistake made on the slate. Observe the different expressions on the faces of the boys sitting at their desks—the timorous fright on one young face, the gleam of pity on the other. "The Fight Interrupted" (46) is one of the finest of the painter's works—a large subject, too long to be described here, and telling its own story very clearly. None of the figure pictures, up to this period, was so highly finished as this. Next in order is the painter's diploma picture, "The Village Buffoon" (47), not, at least in ordinary estimation, so excellent as the preceding. There is a large black mass of cottage roof, and the figures are somewhat lumpish, but the man's face is excellently painted: indeed, it may be observed that in figures beyond a certain size, such as that of "The Fight Interrupted," and "The Wolf and the Lamb," the painter never excelled. He had reached his limit, and was never perfectly at home beyond it. The last-mentioned work (49), from



THE WOLF AND THE LAMB.
(From a painting by W. Mulready.)

her Majesty's collection, is about the most celebrated and perfect of his productions of this period. Whether we look at the vivid but not over-strained expressions of the two lads, the careful but not too studied accessories, such as the fallen gloves, the puppy cowering in sympathy with its master, and others, just enough to be significant, and not too numerous to distract the attention, or whether we examine the beautiful execution, we must pronounce it to be a masterpiece. The reader will be interested to know that Mulready gave the copyright, i.e., the right of engraving this picture, "The Wolf and the Lamb," for the benefit of the Society for the Management and Distribution of the Artists' Fund, an institution which was revived by him. The sale of the engraving realized £1000 for the fund.

Ingenuity is marked in the uncommon but still perfectly natural scenes of "The Travelling Druggist" (55), and Sir R. Peel's picture, "The Cannon" (57). "The Origin of a Painter" (56), on the other hand, it must be acknowledged, is a very old thought revived. The boy is tracing on the wall the old man's profile, as he sleeps in his chair, from its shadow. But there is, so far as we know, the most genuine originality in the designs of "The Dog of Two Minds" (64), 1830, "A Sailing Match" (66), 1831, and "The Forgotten Word" (67), 1832. This last betrays, as we think, a failure of vigour in the conception. A girl with a baby across her knees is hearing a boy say his spelling lesson. One cannot understand the relative positions. The boy is well dressed, good-looking, and apparently a young gentleman; yet he stands most deferentially before the girl, who is slatternly, less refined, and not quite a young lady. There is an uncertainty about this, which may have been intentional, in order to excite the spectator's wonder, but is hardly legitimate if the painter had not a clear notion in his own mind of what he meant. There is a very ingenious *trait* of composition in the "Convalescent from Waterloo" (51), a picture well known from the engraving. Opposite to the sick soldier sitting on the log are a couple of sturdy boys wrestling. This has the effect of relieving the monotony of the flat scenery, and the somewhat sad group which is seated opposite, whilst it associates itself in the spectator's mind with the remembrance of the great struggle that was once fought out on that hard-fought field. Nor should we omit "A Sailing Match" (66), another well-known picture of boys sailing paper boats on the stream. The freaks and humour of schoolboys seem to have had a great attraction for the painter. Perhaps the very best known of all his works is the picture in the National Gallery, "The Last in" (74), where the master is making a bow of mock respect to the truant lad, who looks silly as he joins the assembled school.

The spectator will not fail to observe, that of the stronger passions of mature life Mulready was no master. His efforts were for the most part confined to humour, usually of a boyish, and almost always of a cheerful kind. This shows the vivacity and gaiety of his temper; but it also marks the limit of his powers as a delineator of human feeling. "The Wolf and the Lamb" is perhaps as far as he ever advanced in the representation of the less quiet emotions; and it is perfect so far as it goes.

We may here, about the year 1835, mark another stage of progress. "The Toy Seller" (76) is a more elaborate study of figure than before, and we find the subject again attempted at the very close of the artist's life, in the last unfinished picture he ever exhibited. This love for accurate drawing of the human figure was now at its

highest, and the pains taken to achieve it are most manifest, not only in this painting, but in his numerous and careful drawings. "The Seven Ages" (78) is a design of an ornamental character, painted for Mr. Sheepshanks, in 1837. As a composition it would serve admirably for the centre of a piece of plate, or for a medallion, surrounded by ornaments equally elaborate. There is great skill displayed in the arrangement, which must have been the result of much study: the spectator will observe no crowding or confusion, though the amount of symbolic action is very considerable.

Two or three years afterwards began a new era in the artist's style. He seems, like many of his contemporaries, to have been awakened to the necessity of stronger and more brilliant colouring than before. He and others found the taste of the public setting in this direction, and happily determined to accompany and lead it. The success of his endeavours is another proof of the fertility of his resources. A well-known picture, "Open your Mouth and Shut your Eyes" (79), painted in 1838, and now in the Sheepshanks collection, is an early instance of this. It was followed by "The Sunset" (80), where it is attempted to give the effect of diffused sunlight, the summer sun being supposed to be covered by a passing cloud. In "First Love" (81) the artist has attempted to depict the red glare of sunset, perhaps with less success. Nor are the figures very expressive, although the beauty of youth, and the enamoured feelings of the youth and girl, are an unfailing attraction in scenes of this nature. "Fair Time" (82) was a very early attempt, and bears evident signs of immature powers. Painted in 1809, it was again retouched in 1840, and exhibited in the Royal Academy.

A whole series which now follow in point of time, exhibit the artist at the very summit of his various united powers. "An Interior: an Artist's Study" (83), presents a glowing sky seen through the open windows; some rich furniture-painting, especially a gilded picture-frame; and two figures, an artist and his wife—the latter apparently a portrait; the whole being a splendid picture, deficient only in one respect—an incongruity of costume. The lady appears to be too much in drawing-room dress, as compared with her companion, to suit the retirement of the occasion. "Crossing the Ford" (85), painted in 1842, is the National Gallery work which must be familiar to thousands. The muscular drawing of the youths' legs conveys an admirable idea of the weight of their fair burden. We next come to the picture which is called an illustration of the text, "Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it" (86). The lesson imparted is that of bestowing charity in money upon some poor Eastern travelling men; and it cannot be said that the moral is a very lofty one. The title of the picture in truth leads us to expect more than we find. It cannot be received as the most vigorous expression of the painter's mind; but as an effort of skill, of practised power over the resources of painting, of drawing, of picturesque effect, and brilliant and sustained colours, it bears away the palm in this collection. What can be more wild, haggard, and alarming to the eye of a child, than the appearance of these swarthy crouching Lascars, waving their salaams, and holding out a lean arm for the expected dole, with their hooked noses, flashing eyes, and foreign attire? How manfully the boy overcomes his rising terrors, encouraged by the two lovely girls, one of whom watches his changing expression with the natural curiosity and love of a sister. When the splendour and high finish of this work are considered, this is indeed a work of which its owner,

Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., and the British school of painting, may well be proud. This noble painting, with many others by British artists, was severely injured by the fire which took place at Mr. Baring's house in Piccadilly, and was afterwards repaired and largely repainted by the artist.

"The Whistonian Controversy" (87) is another example of Mulready's best manner. This, we believe, has been engraved. "The Intercepted Billet" (88), intended to show the effects of jealousy, is disagreeable in the expression of the full face, which looks as if copied from an old design for the sacred "head" carried by St. Veronica. It is a curious instance of how a picture may be enlarged to meet the growing progress of the artist's design. "The centre part of the picture is on panel, screwed into a zinc trough, and the edges filled in with cement of isinglass and whiting, and then prepared for painting."

"Choosing the Wedding Gown" (93) is perhaps, after all, the picture which will carry the name of Mulready farthest over the world and longest down to posterity. It is not equal to the so-called "Train up a Child," in bold and grand treatment; it is also somewhat thinly painted; and even the splendid colouring, to many an eye, may seem a little forced and inharmonious; but it is the picture which, of all others, shows Mulready at his fullest and best. It is needless to describe it: no one who has seen it ever forgets the happy arrangement, absolutely faultless in pure and graceful taste. It must, perhaps, be owned that the profuse array of colouring which the artist had upon his hands proved too great for perfect mastery: at least it is certain that here, too, he had reached the limit of his powers. This picture was intended to illustrate the story of Dr. and Mrs. Primrose in their early days. It is obvious that the genius of Goldsmith had many points with which Mulready's was congenial, and he worked a rich and successful vein in illustrating "The Vicar of Wakefield." "Haymaking" (94), painted in 1847, is an example of this. Sophia, with a rake in her hands, is closely attended by Burchell, whilst the vicar and Mrs. Primrose are seated a short distance off, the former watching them. The figures in the pictures numbered 96, 97, are instances of his elaborate study of the human form, which, nevertheless, are not considered amongst his most successful works. Elaborate finish is an insufficient substitute for drawing that in some respects is open to objection. "Blackheath Park" (98), a sketch taken out of the window of Mr. Sheepshanks's house at Blackheath, painted in 1852, shows a decline in power of landscape-painting. "The Toy Seller" (101) is the unfinished picture above mentioned, which was exhibited in 1862.

Mr. Mulready died on the 7th of July, 1863, and was buried at Kensal Green. In 1803 he gained the silver palette of the Society of Arts, and in 1848 an exhibition of his works took place at the Adelphi. In his younger days he was an athletic man, a boxer, a great walker, a swimmer, and a cricketer. He was married in early life, but not happily. Always his experience and advice were at the command of younger men, and no one was more esteemed for his simplicity, manliness, and geniality, amongst his brother artists and friends.

In his own especial line, that of *genre* painting, he was so distinguished, so useful, it may be said, in winning over and educating the popular taste, that the Committee of Council on Education, upon his death, bethought themselves of again collecting his works for the instruction of students in art, and for public exhibition. The result was the collection on view at the

South Kensington Museum, which afforded to every visitor of taste an hour or two of great enjoyment and satisfaction.

AWAY IN THE MOUNTAINS OF WICKLOW.

THE valleys and mountains of "this garden of Ireland," as the county of Wicklow is frequently termed, are not a whit less enjoyable in this day, in which they have become easy of access to the many, than in that when they could be reached only by the few, guided amongst them by the appreciative descriptions of Sir Walter Scott, Maria Edgeworth, Moore, and Crofton Croker. Steam, which banishes the lonely sentimentalist to remoter scenes, has now opened up the county of Wicklow to all comers, and the religious or philosophic mind will not regret that one more opportunity is afforded of bringing men and women into closer intimacy with the inexhaustible and softening influences inseparable from "the beautiful in nature." Through the agency of the Dublin, Wicklow, and Wexford Railway, the hurried tourist in Ireland can now in a single day reach as much as the painstaking and way-worn visitor to Wicklow some fifty years since could accomplish in a week. The diminution of expense and fatigue is not less remarkable and satisfactory than the saving of time. A railway ticket, a few shillings for car-hire, and the cost of refreshment at the excellent hotels to be found throughout the county, are the only outlays required on a short tour.

In a former number of "The Leisure Hour" (No. 899), the places of interest on the east coast of Ireland, more immediately brought under the notice of visitors from England—such as Kingstown, the important mail packet station; Bray, the Llandudno of Ireland; Killiney, with its romantic hills and placid surf-fringed bay—were touched on in a descriptive sketch entitled "Afoot through the Hills." In the present paper the intending tourist through the "green isle" will be introduced as briefly as possible to the remoter and more famous scenes of the county of Wicklow.

So far introductory. Joining company with the reader, we will suppose ourselves started from the Harcourt Street terminus of the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, by an early train. There is another terminus of the same line at Westland Row, leading to what was at one time an independent railway to Kingstown, but now with a continuation branch to Bray, forming a portion, and for some eleven miles a parallel portion, of the Wicklow line. We take the inland line because it leads more directly to the scenes contemplated in the present sketch. We are scarcely clear of the Irish metropolis when the long chain of undulating mountains, more or less present with us during our tour, presents its commencing line. The "Three Arck," or Dublin mountain, which overshadows the city, is the first seen; pleasant villas, peaceful-looking churches, and thriving villages, nestling beneath its furze and fern clothed sides. Next in the undulating mountain line rises Shamkill, the famous encampment for a night of James II on his retreat southward, subsequently to the battle of the Boyne. In the remoter distances we see the lofty Wicklow range, commencing where "the ocean leans against the land" at Bray Head, and rising to an increasing altitude as the eye passes inland successively over the prominent peaks of "the Sugar-loaves" to the Djouce Mountain, from which descends the famous Powerscourt waterfall, and within whose ravine lie the quiet shades that gave spirit to the "Powerscourt Letters."

The chief characteristics of the increasing and fashion-

able watering-place, Bray, are a verdant sea-beach esplanade of a mile in length, with a corresponding line of handsome terraces, villas, and tastefully built cottages; a commodious railway-station; two fashionable hotels—the "Royal Marine" and the "International;" a broad causeway flanked with terraces leading away westward to the mountains; a headland presenting a ceaseless variety of light and shade; and a climate of remarkable dryness and salubrity. Nor can a very handsome Turkish bath building, with many minarets, be forgotten in this brief enumeration of the features of Bray. Passing onward in our railway journey southward, shortly after leaving Bray we "round the head;" in plainer terms, we enter on the gigantic railway works constructed by the younger Brunel. For a mile the permanent way of the line traverses a rocky causeway cut from the escarpment of Bray Head's sea face. Now we pass through cuttings walled with "schist," rich in geological specimens, and in a moment more come out on slender bridges erected over gaping fissures in the mountain, up which the surge of the Irish Channel foams and breaks in hoarse murmurs; while the sea-mew screams and wheels round the rocks, which seem to invite us to destruction. Above, some 800 feet, rises the frowning headland, with sheep clinging to its precipitous sides, and appearing as if miraculously preserved from tumbling down upon the carriage roof. The greater portion of this remarkable sea-beaten mountain is the property of the Earl of Meath, whose demesne and seat close by were visited, on his visit to Ireland, by the Prince of Wales.

Clearing the last tunnel of several passed through in our run round Bray Head, a new country opens to view. It consists of sandy shores, extending to Wicklow Head, a distance of some fourteen miles; champaign lands of considerable beauty and fertility, though in part badly drained; and a background of mountains, amongst and beyond which lie the more remarkable scenes of the county of Wicklow. At the Delgany station the visitor is not far from the umbrageous Glen of the Downs, and Bellevue, the seat of the Latouches, an eminent French family, who have possessed the property of this locality for some centuries. The glen may be seen as we run along the line to Wicklow. It is a deeply wooded mountain pass, the pointed cone of the Sugar-loaf mountain just rising in the opening of the vista. For about ten miles the railway runs towards the town of Wicklow along the sandy beach, the sparkling foam of the surf at times breaking against the windows of the carriages. The blue expanse of the Channel extends on our left as we travel, to the very shores of Wales, whose mountains are sometimes visible here; while on our right the ever-present line of the deeply wooded hills affords a pleasing object on which every floating cloud produces a new and beautiful effect. Wicklow is the county town; but it possesses little of interest to the tourist, although many resort to it as a place of summer residence, from its bold sea-beach, its breezy Murrough, and its emerald heights. It is a town built on a hill, capable of exhibiting ranges of terraces, did such exist there, to great advantage. Its churches are built on eminences. There is a sombre old ruin, styled the Black Castle, hanging above the waves, and many old legends cling lovingly round it. Its two lighthouses are well known to Channel navigators, and may be seen for some twenty miles north, east, and south. Such is the county town of Wicklow. Leaving this, the railway turns inland, and meets the sea no more till Arklow is reached, some twenty miles onward. Rushing up a sharp incline of some eight miles in length, our train passes through

some very soft woodland scenery. A long mountain, famous for its deer, called Carrickmarilly, spreads its fir and oak clothed sides to view on our right; the pleasant-looking mansions adjacent to the famous Devil's Glen and Newrath Bridge relieving the hill-side from an appearance of solitude. At Rathdrum, another town on a hill, we cross a fine viaduct, which spans the Avonmore river, and affords one of the finest prospects in Wicklow, namely, the Vale of Cara, whose depths may be seen bright with the scintillations of its mountain stream, and whose background is composed of the noble mountains of the Seven Churches, observed rising majestically in the distance. Leaving the Rathdrum station, and the pleasant inducements of the refreshment-rooms of the "Fitzwilliam Hotel," the line now descends into a valley as rapidly as we just now found it running up a hill. We are, in fact, running at about thirty miles an hour down Avondale, to the very water's edge of the stream that laves the banks of the "sweet Vale of Avoca." The latter we enter, after catching many a sylvan prospect, just beside the first "meeting of the waters." As we purpose revisiting this spot on returning, we pass on to the Avoca station at Newbridge, traversing, as we go, the outworks of the busily worked Crombane sulphur ore mine, with the Cormarrie mine far above on the mountain behind it. On the opposite side of the stream and vale rises the Ballymartagh copper mine, distinguished by its huge "bell rock." The mining operations have greatly deteriorated the scenery of this portion of the vale, and have poisoned all the fish in its streams; but utilitarians will not regret this when they learn that some thousands of hands are employed in the mineral works. Immense quantities of the ore from these mines are carried away to Arklow, Wicklow, and Kingstown by the mineral trains of the Dublin and Wexford Railway, for transhipment to England and Wales.

Leaving the train at Avoca station, just forty-three miles from Dublin, we obtain a vehicle and set off by road to the Wooden Bridge, at the second "meeting of the waters," a distance of about an Irish mile. This is the most charming portion of the Vale of Avoca, being wholly untouched by the miner. On the left, as we drive, the densely wooded lands of Bally Arthur, the seat of Colonel Bayly, rise from the silver stream to a height of some 500 feet, and form one richly clothed side of the vale; while immediately above the roadway we are traversing the woods of Castle MacAdam, with its picturesque church, extend upward to a corresponding height, and form the right side of the Avoca. Reaching the "Wooden Bridge Hotel," the crowning beauty of the vale becomes apparent. In fact, not only a confluence of streams here presents itself, but also, if it may be so termed, a confluence of valleys, the second and most famous of "the meeting of the waters" being formed in the expanded bosom of these shadowy vales by the rivers Avoca and Aughrim. Prospects of extent and beauty are obtainable from the grounds above the hotel just mentioned, which establishment usually forms, and most justly, a favourite place of sojourn with visitors, this point being in effect the far end of the Wicklow tour. In the immediate vicinity stands the seat of the Earl of Wicklow, Shelton Abbey. It is built on an undulating plain, watered by the Avoca, which winds gracefully through the demesne grounds for some four miles to the sea at Arklow. The views commanded here are of their kind incomparably beautiful. Northward, the leafy depths of the vale just traversed open their sylvan vistas, the bright stream gliding calmly downward through the underwood of the

scene, above the wooded sides of which, in the distance, rises the lordly Lugnaquilla, the highest mountain in Wicklow. Southward, the blue waters of the Irish Channel are seen in summer, bright with sunshine, and alive with the rapid movements of white-sailed yachts and the more sombre-hued trawlers of the Dublin and Wicklow bays. Engaging a carriage or car at the Wooden Bridge, we retrace our way parallel with the railway, and regain the first "meeting of the waters," mentioned before in passing. High above the apex of a woody bank, Castle Howard, a tasteful residence, is noticed. Beneath, the Avonmore river is stealing gently over a smooth bed, to meet its sister stream, the Avonby, at a point where an old ivy-covered bridge overlooks them both.

At the foot of the bridge there are a stone and a shady oak. On this moss-covered stone, and beneath the tree, Moore, the poet, was undoubtedly once seen seated, musing above the meeting streams, and gazing on the bright and broader flood rolling away down the at that time untouched depths of the "sweet Vale of Avoca." Controversy has been rife as to which, the northern or the southern "meeting," formed in reality the "scene of song." That the poet visited both there is abundant evidence, and it is probable that both scenes passed before his mind when he wrote the song so admirably descriptive of the entire vale. Following the Avonby upward towards its source, we enter the solitudes of Glenmalure, with its somewhat barren hill-sides, its abundant wild game, and its solemn mountains. There is an old barrack here, now a shooting-box, one of four erected in this county in a troublous time, and connected with an admirable system of military roads, by which the entire eastern portion of Ireland may at any time be commanded by troops. There is here also a lonely inn, where sportsmen "much do congregate." Crossing by a mountain to the right, above this inn, an hour or so brings us to the legendary Glendalough, "the Glen of the Two Lakes," otherwise "the Seven Churches." Nearing a very picturesque hotel at the entrance of Glendalough, "The Royal," the characteristics of the scene become at once apparent. In the hotel grounds, where a joyous section of the Social Science Congress once held a delightful scientific pic-nic, notwithstanding the weeping elements, we are close to the chief ruins of the place. This is the point for a general view of the sombre glen and its "gloomy lakes," o'er which song and local legend tell us "skyark never warbled." A perfect specimen of the Irish round tower rises above us, with innumerable rooks whirling round its head. At its base is the Cathedral, a ruin of great and evident antiquity; St. Kevan's Kitchen, the most perfect of the "seven churches;" and the "mouldering heap" of "the rude forefathers" of Glendalough, whose dust in this silent place awaits the moment when time and legends shall be no more. The still depths of the glen extend beyond, in almost scenic beauty, the mists ever alternately lifting and falling down upon the velvet sward of Lugduff, a mountain rich in light and shade, at whose precipitous foot ripple the dark wavelets of the upper lake. In this mountain, near the water's edge, is "the bed" of the good Saint Kevan, whose life has hallowed the scene in poem and in story, but who, remotely as he had fixed his abode, was yet haunted by "eyes of most unholy blue." Moore has told the legend, and has thus identified himself with the place, while preserving the memory of the saint from probable oblivion. No traveller in Ireland should be without the "Melodies," as there is scarcely a scene of beauty throughout the island which he has not described.

It would have been well had he always used his gifts of song on subjects so unobjectionable.

At the remote end of the upper lake the inclosing mountains contain an extensive lead mine, actively worked, very remunerative, and fortunately so situated as not to interfere with the exceeding and peculiar beauty of the place. Five miles from Glendalough, on the homeward road, by carriage or car, to Bray, the village of Roundwood is met with, on the edge of the great mountain plain or upland forming the plateau for the Dublin waterworks. Three thousand workmen are engaged forming a great reservoir for the waters of a tiny stream, the Vartry, having its rise partly in an adjacent mountain, the Djonce, and partly in the Sugar-loaf. The reservoir is to be some four acres in extent, and will, it has been estimated, hold 2,482,310,483 gallons of water, or a 206 days' supply for Dublin, at the rate of 12,000,000 gallons daily. The water is to be conveyed over seventeen miles of country, to a second reservoir at Stillorgan, a station on the Wicklow line, five miles from Dublin, in metal pipes of about twelve feet in length by two feet in diameter. Two lines of larger pipes will there branch off in varying directions to the metropolis. The cost has been estimated at £276,000. It will be truly a great work if successfully completed; and if so, will disappoint many who augur to the contrary. At Roundwood, too, we are within a four or five mile drive of the still and remote mountain lakes Lugellaw, Lough Dan, and Lough Bray, which lie in the hollow of the Wicklow range, some 2000 feet above the sea level. They usually, from their mountainous position, form in themselves a special day's tour. The great waterworks reservoir is near the head of the Devil's Glen, a vast mountain ravine of a winding form, having a bold and brawling stream—soon to be cut off for the Dublin supply of water—tumbling in numerous cascades down its sides, clothed from base to summit with oak, fir, and mountain ash. In our homeward way, to intercept a return train to Dublin at the Killoughton station, twenty-five miles from the metropolis, we pass through the umbrageous district of New-rath Bridge, a famous piscatorial resort, with an equally famous and comfortable hotel, Hunter's, situated on the picturesque lands of Rosanna, famous as having once been the abode of Mrs. Tighe, the author of "Psyche," and now the property of a member of her family.

In this paper almost the entire Wicklow tour is glanced at. The tour may be managed in a day, but might very worthily occupy two or three. The "set scenes" will not always be found the most attractive, the traveller frequently, as he goes, discovering for himself others quite as beautiful, and having all the charms belonging to novelties made out by ourselves.

THE EXILES' CHILDREN.

LEICESTER SQUARE and the surrounding neighbourhood, extending as far as the National Gallery southwards, and up into Soho northwards, comprise a district which has undergone a series of vicissitudes as various and characteristic as those which mark the history of any spot of the same extent to be found within the broad area of the metropolis. It has been by turns the abode of crowned heads and royal princes, of the highest orders of the aristocracy of the realm, of noblemen and statesmen, of poets and painters, and men of literary renown; and, during the present century, the Square especially has been the chosen locality of exhibitions and displays of every imaginable kind, which might literally be cata-

logged by the hundred, and which have rendered it familiar to sight-seers from all parts of the country. We are not going to chronicle any of the past history of this changeful spot, that having been already done to our hand in this journal;* but, with the reader's permission, will lead him into a by-street north of the square, for a brief glance at an unobtrusive work of charity which is there quietly fulfilling its mission of benevolence as yet all but unrecognised by the public.

From causes which it might not be very easy to recognise or account for, but into which we need not enter here, Leicester Square, and the numerous streets and courts which surround it in various directions, have been, for several generations past, the chosen home of exiles and immigrants from foreign countries. Germans and French, Italians, Hungarians, and Poles, have by common consent selected the same neighbourhood, and may be said to have in a manner colonized it with their mingled nationalities—the French, however, predominating, and outnumbering all the rest combined. Many of these immigrants are sufficiently comfortable and well off; they have funds, or friends who supply their need, or they have talents and accomplishments available in the London market, by which they can live respectably; but the vast majority of them are poor and needy, and, in the capacity of artisans, journeymen, supernumeraries, and hangers-on to working establishments, have to maintain a hard struggle in order to win their daily bread. To educate their children would be utterly beyond their means: they could not find the money to pay the schoolmaster or mistress; and even if they could, it would happen in many instances that an English school would be of little or no use to the children, who, being brought up by their parents, are accustomed to hear and to speak their parents' language. To meet the necessities of these poor exiles' children the institution to which we are about to pay a visit was established about seven years ago. It owes its existence to the benevolent exertions and self-sacrifice of some true philanthropists, whose object it was to impart to the children such an education as should qualify them for the duties of active life, together with sound religious instruction according to the Protestant faith. The school is maintained in efficiency solely by voluntary contributions; and the school-room becomes a chapel on Sunday, when Divine service is performed in the French language—evening services being also held twice in the week.

Entering Gerard Street from the east end—a street long known to us as the birthplace of the famous Literary Club founded by Johnson and Reynolds; known to us also as the residence of Edmund Burke, and of Dryden, "glorious John," who died here in 1700—we pass on towards the west. That dingy-looking house, No. 43, is the house that was Dryden's when his reputation was at the highest, and in that front parlour, whose windows now look out upon an almost deserted street, the poet sat from day to day, giving birth to his sounding verse, or penning adulatory epistles to his patrons. And lo! but two doors farther is the institution we seek, which announces its charitable purposes to all whom it may concern, by the inscriptions—

ÉCOLES FRANÇAISES.
SALLE D'ASILE GRATUITES.
CHAPELLE ÉVANGÉLIQUE.

We are, fortunately, in time to catch the classes in full work, and to witness the method of instruction as it proceeds. The schoolmaster is at no pains to preserve order

and silence among the four-score children, or thereabouts, assembled in the room: they have evidently the habits of order and discipline; and if a murmur or a sound of motion is heard, it is quelled in a moment by a tap of the cane on the desk. The class is writing French from dictation, and the girls and boys are being exercised together. The children are all young—the average age cannot be much above ten—yet some of them show remarkable readiness in their exercise, writing by the ear alone with fluency and correctness. The course of instruction comprises English, French, German, Writing, Arithmetic, History, and Geography; and particular care appears to be taken that the children, while acquiring the language of their adopted country, shall be trained to write and speak their own correctly. It is pleasing to hear from the master—as well as to note the fact from the conduct of the children—that these advantages are prized, and not made light of. Though most of the children reside in the neighbourhood, this is not the case with all: circumstances, or the necessities of their calling, have removed their parents to a distance; but they do not on that account give up the school; and children were pointed out to us who come daily from distant suburbs to receive the teaching which they and their parents have the sense to value. The business of instruction extends even to infants, some of them barely old enough to walk. While the boys occupy the ground-floor, and the girls the floor above, there is still a large room on the third floor, in which we find some forty to fifty infants of tender age—from under three years to a little over five. These are a very merry class, making a game of learning, and getting through their alphabet and primer without any consciousness that they are doing any sort of work. It is not, however, altogether with the intention of stuffing these little toddling creatures with knowledge that they are received here, and whether they learn anything or not is but a secondary consideration: they are here, for the most part, as we are given to understand, because, if they were not allowed to come, their "big brothers" and sisters, who alone have the charge of them, could not themselves come to school, and would lose their only chance of education. We are inclined to think that this is by no means the least of the advantages of an infant-school. In how many of our country villages and hamlets is it the case that girls, and boys too, are constantly kept at home "to mind the baby," when they ought to be receiving instruction at school.

The institution, while it qualifies boys and girls for active and useful employment, is often the means of providing them with it. Employers come in search of lads to this instructional asylum, and from time to time some of them are engaged in situations of various kinds adapted to their years. If these engagements are permanent, so much the better; the children are provided for: but when they are not permanent, we find that the pupils return to the school, and gladly pursue their education so long as they have leisure to do so. In the Exhibition year of 1862 these poor boys rose into sudden importance, and were in great request. Some of them, while talking English as well as we do, could also speak fluently in French and German or Dutch, and they were gladly engaged as interpreters by the foreign visitors, who paid them handsomely for their time—boys of twelve or thirteen receiving their fifteen or twenty shillings a week.

Since the establishment of the school, in 1857, from eleven to twelve hundred children have received secular and religious instruction within its walls, and about one hundred and eighty are being taught at the present

* See "Leicester Fields," No. 427.

time. We need not comment on the character of an institution doing such noble work: its value to the poor children whom it redeems from ignorance and demoralization is beyond all human estimate. We trust that it may long continue to dispense its blessings to the exiles' offspring.

Original Fables.

DOCTORS SELDOM LIKE THEIR OWN PHYSIC.

PADDLE, my lady's lap-dog, and Tom, her favourite cat, had long entertained feelings of jealousy and envy towards each other; but at last they made it up, and agreed to be friends. Instead of snapping at Tom, to make him go farther from the fire, that he might have the very front, Paddle would merely nudge him gently along, looking amiably at him at the same time; and Tom, though he wouldn't give way an inch farther than he was obliged, made no warlike demonstrations, such as putting up his back and swelling his tail.

"I think, dear friend," said Paddle one day (not being yet quite satisfied with the deference paid to him by his companion), "we fail in showing the reality of our regard for each other in one respect."

"What is that?" asked Tom.

"We are not candid with each other as to our mutual faults. Don't you think it would greatly improve us both if we acted the part of honest reprovers to each other?"

"I don't know but what it might," said Tom.

"Be assured of it," said Paddle; "and that we may no longer neglect one of the most sacred duties of friendship, let us begin this very day."

"With all my heart," said Tom; "and, that being the case, do you know I've often thought that when you——"

"Hush!" said Paddle: "everything in order. You know, dear, I am older than you. I may say I remember you a kitten; so let me give you the benefit of my observations first."

"Very well," said Tom; "I'm ready."

"Well, then. First, dear," said Paddle, "you are too fond of the front of the fire, and sit in such a way before it that I'm obliged to have recourse to many gentle hints before I can induce you to move. In the next place, dear, when we go to dinner, you invariably try to take the nicest pieces, which I look upon as indelicate. In the third place——"

"When will my turn be?" interrupted Tom.

"Stop," said Paddle; "I haven't done;" and he went on to enumerate several other infirmities in Tom's character, the exhibition of which he considered in some way to affect his own comfort.

Tom, with some effort, contrived to wait it all out, and then asked, "Pray, is that all?"

"All I can think of at present," said Paddle.

"Then," said Tom, drawing himself up, "in the first place——"

"Thank you," said Paddle, interrupting him; "you must excuse my staying now. I hope you'll improve upon what I've said to you; but I have an engagement, and cannot stop any longer this time."

LITTLE AND GOOD.

AMONG some jars of wine of various sizes stood one considerably smaller than the rest, and it was consequently looked down upon with much contempt by its companions.

"How many are there of us in all?" asked a portly jar.

"Fifteen," cried the little one, "as I count."

"As you count!" returned the offended vessel disdainfully. "You surely don't so count as to number yourself among us!"

"And why not?" asked the little jar stoutly. "I am quite full, and what more can any of you be? I think our respectability lies in making a perfect use of our capacity, whatever it may be, and not in having a large one or a small one. But I can tell you another thing—the wine that's in me is three times as precious as that which you contain; so that a little of me is worth a great deal of you. Quantity is of consequence in the value of a thing, but quality has more to do with it still."

LOOK IN THE GLASS.

"NEVER associate with pigs, my dears," said a duck to her young brood, as the sow, with her litter of ten, passed in the road.

"Never associate with them, children: they are such gluttons, and such remarkably dirty feeders."

"Well, if that isn't cool!" said the old sow, who heard the charge. "How little we know ourselves! Why, there isn't a mud-pool that you wouldn't delight to poke your bill into; and as to gluttony, when were you ever known to stop eating while there was anything to eat? If you want to remember yourself, then, perhaps you won't be so hard upon others."

TRUTH NOT ALWAYS PLEASANT.

"DEAR friend!" cried the willow, as she bent over the stream, and gazed on her graceful form reflected on the glassy surface, "how tender and how true you are! I have not a single charm that is not mirrored on your faithful bosom." And, as the breeze played gently among her branches, they bent to the stream and kissed the placid waters.

Summer passed, and winter; summer and winter; summer and winter; and the willow grew old. Its leaves were few and its branches withered.

"How changed you are!" she cried peevishly to the stream. "Once I never looked on you but to rejoice, for all you showed me was pleasant and full of praise. Now, when I try to bend to catch a glimpse, I turn away sad and sorrowful; for what do you bring before me? Not verdure, not symmetry, not grace; but bareness, deformity, and decay. You are *greatly* changed!"

"Foolish willow!" answered the stream, "I am *too true*—that is my fault. There is a change, but it is not in me; but you are not the only one that looks coldly on the truth when it offends the liking."

THE DONKEY PHILOSOPHER.

"COME close to the hedge, Teddy," said a worn-out horse to his friend the donkey, with whom he was picking up a scanty meal by the road-side.

"Why?" asked Teddy, following with his measured pace.

"Look who's coming!" said the horse. And there passed a well-conditioned cob drawing a cart full of beans.

"How nice they smell!" said Teddy. "I should think they must be very good; but I never tasted any."

"I used to get them in my better days," said his companion sorrowfully, "but I can never hope for them again."

"He's a happy fellow, isn't he?" said Teddy, turning his head slowly round to watch the cart going up the hill.

"Some are born to prosperity, some to adversity," sighed the old horse. And he went on to entertain the donkey with his recollections of the taste of beans, and to draw comparisons between their condition and that of the happy cob.

Some hours afterwards, while they were yet in the road, the cart returned empty, and while the driver stopped to chat with a friend passing by, the horse walked up to the cob.

"Good evening, sir. Pray what have you done with all your beans?"

"Left them behind," said the cob.

"Well, you're in very different circumstances from what you were when you passed us this morning," said the old horse.

"How so?" asked the cob.

"Can you ask?" said the horse. "Were you not drawing after you a burthen of rich delicacies that scented the air as you passed?"

"True, I was," replied the cob, "but not for my own benefit. The most that I have to do with beans is to carry them for the use of others: it's seldom I get a taste myself."

"Ah," said Teddy to the old horse as the cob's master drove him off at a smart trot, "how little we know of the truth of things! I have often envied my cousin Jack, that draws a cart full of delicious vegetables along this road every Saturday, but I shouldn't wonder if he would tell the same story. No one can eat more than enough; and although it looks fine to have so much substance tacked to you, I dare say in most cases where we see it others get more good from it than he to whom it seems to belong."

So he buried his nose contentedly in a bunch of nettles, while the old horse stood yet in a melancholy attitude, trying to catch the last whiff of his lamented beans, of which even the empty cart had left a grateful odour.

A WORD TO THE CURIOUS.

"WHAT are the bells ringing for?" said the young colt, standing with his ears pricked up, staring eyes, and distended

nostrils, and his mane and tail flying about in great agitation.

"Mother, what are the bells ringing for?"

"How should I know?" said the mare.

But the colt took a gallop half round the field, and strained his neck to look over the fence into the road, where a cart was loading with soil.

"Can you tell me what the bells are ringing for?" he said to the fore-horse, whose nose was in his bag, from which he did not raise it to give any answer.

"Rude!" said the colt, and applied to the one behind him.

But the one behind was very deaf, and looked sleepily on the ground.

Away went the colt to another part of the fence, and saw a team coming.

"Do you know," he asked breathlessly of the whole party at once, "why the bells are ringing?"

Supposing that he meant the bells on their collars, they merely shook them a little more by way of answer, and passed on.

"What insufferably dull animals!" said the colt, and galloped off harder than ever, till he came to the hedge that separated the meadow he was in from the vicar's orchard, in which the vicar's horse was grazing.

"Now I shall have it," thought he. "This is none of your stupid, low-bred creatures, but high-born and well-mannered, and sure to know all about it."

"Pray, sir, may I trouble you to inform me," he said, with much excitement, "why the bells ring?"

The vicar's horse with great gravity lifted up his head and said, "Do you particularly wish to know?"

"I do indeed," said the colt.

"You won't mention it to anybody?" said the horse.

"Certainly not," said the colt eagerly.

"Well, then, it's because the men pull the ropes."

"But," said the colt, rather staggered at this, "may I ask, sir, why they pull the ropes?"

"Ah," said the horse, "now you go beyond me. I've told you all I know, and what's enough for me might be enough for you. If you'll take my advice, as a rule, never trouble your head about things that don't concern you. You'll save yourself an immense deal of trouble, and your friends too."

THE WORLD CAN GO ON WITHOUT US.

A BRANCH, broken from the tree by the tempest, rode on the rapid current of the swollen stream.

"See how I lead the waters," he cried to the banks. "See how I command and carry the stream with me," he cried again.

A jutting rocky ridge, over which the torrent dashed, caught the branch, and kept it shattered and imprisoned while the waters flowed on and on.

"Alas!" cried the branch, "how can you hold me thus? Who will govern the stream? how will it prosper without my guidance?"

"Ask the banks," said the rocky ledge. And the banks answered—

"Many, like you, have been carried by the stream, fancying that they carried it. And as to the loss you will be to the waters, don't be uneasy. You are already forgotten, as those are who came before you, and as those will soon be who may follow."

THE FURNACE FOR GOLD.

THE ore lay in the goldsmith's shop, rude and unrefined. How the costly vessels, pure and polished, glittered before it!

"Ah that I were such as you!" cried the ore. "I am gold, even as you are; but where is my beauty? where is my glory?"

"Wait awhile," said the shining vessels; "your time will come. But if you would really be as we are—a lot to which you are destined—remember not to flinch from the process that awaits you."

So the ore was cast into the furnace, and it mourned and bewailed the fierceness of the flame.

"You were not satisfied when buried in natural dress: you are not satisfied now, while being forced to part from it," said the shining vessels. "But when you come forth from that furnace without blemish, ready to be wrought into a king's crown, and take your place by us, you will forget the flame that scorched and purified you, and love the refiner, who loved you too well to keep you in the furnace one moment less than was necessary."

Varieties.

LETTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL TO HIS COUSIN MRS. ST. JOHN.—Ely, 13 October, 1638.

Dear Cousin,—I thankfully acknowledge your love in your kind remembrance of me upon this opportunity. Alas! you do too highly prize my lines and my company. I may be ashamed to own your expressions, considering how unprofitable I am, and the mean improvement of my talent.

Yet to honour my God by declaring what he hath done for my soul, in this I am confident, and I will be so. Truly then this I find, that he giveth springs in a dry, barren wilderness, where no water is. I live, you know where—in Meshech, which they say signifies *prolonging*; in Kedar, which signifies *blackness*. Yet the Lord forsaketh me not. Though he do prolong, yet he will, I trust, bring me to his tabernacle, to his resting-place. My soul is with the congregation of the first-born; my body rests in hope; and if here I may honour my God, either by doing or suffering, I shall be most glad. Truly no poor creature hath more cause to put himself forth in the cause of his God than I. I have had plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite. The Lord accept me in his Son, and give me to walk in the light, and give us to walk in the light, as he is the light! He it is that enlighteneth our blackness, our darkness. I dare not say he hideth his face from me. He giveth me to see light in his light. One beam in a dark place hath exceeding much refreshment in it—blessed be his name for shining upon so dark a heart as mine. You know what my manner of life hath been. Oh, I lived in and loved darkness, and hated light; I was a chief, the chief of sinners! This is true: I hated godliness, yet God had mercy on me. Pray for me that He that hath begun a good work would perfect it to the day of Jesus Christ.

RELIGIOUS STATISTICS OF THE IRISH.—The census of Ireland in 1861 found in that country 4,505,265 Roman Catholics, 693,357 persons belonging to the Established Church, 523,291 Presbyterians, 45,399 Methodists, 4532 Independents, 4237 Baptists, 3695 Quakers, 393 Jews, and 15,666 of various other persuasions. Of the Roman Catholics five years old and upwards 45·8 per cent. could neither read nor write; of the Established Church 16 per cent.; 11·1 per cent. of the Presbyterians; 9 per cent. of the Methodists; 6·8 of the Independents; 9·2 of the Baptists; 4·1 of the Quakers. There were 2756 Covenanters; there were Kellyites, Darbyites, Walkerites, and Morrisonians. The religion of two persons is described as "Palatine." One man puts down his religion as "self-opinion." There are 7 "Old Lights," and 18 "New Lights." There is a "Cromwellian Protestant," but he stands alone. So does a "Positivist." There are 11 persons who mark themselves "of no particular sect," two "doubtful," one "unbeliever," one "Atheist," and 72 "of no religion."

M. DU CHAILLU AND THE GORILLAS.—After five months' careful investigation, I found that the gorilla neither beats his breast like a drum, nor attacks man in the above manner; that M. Du Chaillu has written much of the gorilla which is true, but which is not new; and a little which is new, but which is very far from being true. Therefore, in presenting to the reader the evidence of the native hunters which I collected in the gorilla country, and in comparing it with that collected in the same manner by Messrs. Savage, Ford, etc., I am compelled to put aside as worthless the evidence of M. Du Chaillu, who has had better opportunities than any of us of learning the real nature of the animal, but who has, unhappily, been induced to sacrifice truth to effect, and the esteem of scientific men for a short-lived popularity. In a paper which I read before the Zoological Society, and which has been published in their "Proceedings," I stated the evidence upon which I have been led to assert that M. Du Chaillu never killed a gorilla. In other respects his book is a medley of truth and fiction; and of which I can give a minute analysis if required.—W. Winwood Read's "Western Africa."

AMERICAN MUTTON HAMS.—Take one quarter of a pound of saltpetre, to half a pound of raw brown sugar; make them very hot, and rub into legs of mutton overnight. Next morning salt them with common salt. Let the mutton lie about a week, move it over, and rub in fresh salt, and let it remain another week in pickle. Then hang it up to dry. When dry, keep it in canvas bags, to prevent it being fly-eaten. Do not let the mutton lie in the wet brine, but place something under, to raise it from the dripping that will fall from it.—New York Paper.